with blancke-ſpace for different names (ſure more) & theſe are of the ſecond edition; he wil print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſſe, when he would put vs two; I had rather be a Gianteſſe & lye vnder Mount *Pelion*. Well; I will finde you twentie laſciuious Turtles ere one chaſte man.

Miſ. Ford. Why this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words, what doth he thinke of vs?

Miſ. Page. Nay I know not; it makes me almoſt readie to wrangle with mine owne honeſty; Ile entertaine my ſelfe like one that I am not acquainted withall, for ſure vnleſſe hee know ſome ſtraine in mee, that I know not my ſelfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie.

Miſ. Ford. Boording, call you it? *Ile* be ſure to keepe him aboue decke.

Miſ. Page. So will *I*, if hee come vnder my hatches, *Ile* neuer to Sea againe. Let's be reueng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, giue him a ſhow of comfort in his Suite, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, *I* will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſſe of our honeſty; oh that my husband ſaw this Letter; it would giue eternall food to his iealouſie.

Miſ. Page. Why looke where he comes; and my good man too; hee's as farre from iealouſie, as I am from giuing him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight; Come hither.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affaires;
Sir Iohn affects thy wife.

Ford. Why ſir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poore, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the

Gally-

Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend
Ford. Loue my wife?
Piſtoll. With liuer, burning
Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O,o
Ford. What name Sir?
Piſt. The horne I ſay: Farew
Take heed, haue open eye, for
Take heed, ere ſommer comes,
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*.
Beleeue it (*Page*) he ſpeakes ſe
Ford. I will be patient; I wil
Nim. And this is true; I like
haue wronged mee in ſome hu
the humour'd Letter to her,
it ſhall bite vpon my neceſſitie,
the ſhort and the long: My nam
and I auouch; 'tis true: my nam
your wife, adieu, I loue not the
adieu.
Page. The humour of it (quot
Engliſh out of his wits.
Ford. I will ſeeke out *Falſtaff*
Page. I neuer heard ſuch a dr
Ford. If I doe finde it: well.
Page. I will not beleeue ſuch
o'th' Towne commended him f
Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible
Page. How now *Meg*?
Miſ. Page. Whither goe you
Miſ. Ford. How now (ſwe
lancholy?
Ford. I melancholy? I am n
Get you home, goe.
Miſ. Ford. Faith, thou haſt
Now, will you goe, *Miſtris Pag*
Miſ. Page. Haue with you, y
Looke who comes yonder; ſh